

THE LITERARY CHRONICLE

And Weekly Review;

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Review of New Books.

Glenfergus. 3 vols. 12mo. pp. 1028. London, 1820.

THERE perhaps never was a period in the history of literature in which novel writing was so much cultivated and encouraged as at the present day. The mighty colossus, who seems to bestride the whole region of romance, has rescued this department of literature from the degradation in which it had been so long sunk, and raised it to an eminence which it never before attained. It is true that we have still much trash imposed on us under the names of novels and romances, but there is still a sufficient number of writers whose productions contribute to give that character we have assigned to the present age of novel writing.

Wenever recollect to have seen any work more modestly ushered into the world than '*Glenfergus*.' Its whole title is one word; and there is neither an epistle dedicatory to flatter the vanity of some friend, at the expense of truth, nor a preface to apologise for 'intruding on the public notice,' or to bespeak 'the indulgence of the candid reader.' *Glenfergus* is a Scottish novel, and, considering the eminence that has been imparted to works of that class, by the great genius to whom we have alluded, it argues either great presumption, or a consciousness of superior talents in the author, to take Scotland for the scene of the novel. That this is to be attributed to the latter, we have no hesitation in declaring as our opinion; and, without attempting a detail of the story, which possesses considerable interest, we trust we shall be able, by a few desultory extracts, to confirm that opinion with our readers.

Glenfergus possesses an unusual diversity of characters, many of which are sketched with peculiar felicity, particularly a pedantic old man, a Scotch clergyman, and a country physician who professes philosophy but only knows a sufficient number of the laws of the science to render himself extremely ridiculous. But a still better character is Pound, the apothecary, of whom we shall have occasion to speak hereafter. The description of Scottish manners and Scottish customs, though thinly interspersed through the work, are sketched with much vigour of conception.

We had been led to think that the abstemiousness of the Scottish clergy, and the comparative poverty of their cures, had prevented those indulgences of good living to which the priesthood in general are said to be so strongly attached; but, by the account of the ordination of Mr. Gideon Cymbal, to be minister of Knockfergus, we find that there are clerical *bon-vivants* beyond the Tweed. Mr. Cymbal had been informed by a friend, that he would be expected to say grace, and that the presbytery

would 'take the length, strain, and delivery' of that grace, as a fair impartial criterion of his clerical powers. This was an unfortunate error, as poor Gideon found:—

'There neither was in the licensing, nor in the other doings of presbytery, any thing different from the ordinary routine. All was over by two o'clock; and, as some of the brethren had a long way to ride, they adjourned to the important work of dinner at half-past two. The moderator for the time being took his station at the head of the table, the clerk at the foot, the new brother on the moderator's right hand, and all the rest in due order. The landlord removed the covers from ample dishes of beef, and mutton, and ham, and fowl: there was a pause of one minute. Gideon turned up his eyes to the ceiling, spread out his hands, and led off the grace a full octave higher than the usual pitch of his voice. The whole company were amazed; but their amazement gave place to another feeling, when they found him go on from patch to patch, and from quotation to quotation, for the space of twenty minutes. Twice did the moderator thrust his fork into the sirloin, and much was muttered in low whispers; but the novelty and oddity of the scene prevented any direct interruption. At last, the grace came to an end; and the brethren, stifling their laughter the best way they could, sat down to dinner. The holder-forth bowed solemnly to all his seniors, and, looking as if he had acquitted himself well, took his seat. During dinner there were occasional titters and smotherings of laughter; but, in general, there was too constant an entering in at the mouth, for much finding its way out.

'When dinner was over, and while the landlord placed two huge bowls of whisky punch on the table, the party broke out into repeated bursts of laughter, which lasted half as long as Gideon's grace. Even after the general volley, it was some time before order could be restored; as a running fire was kept up by almost every member of the company, except poor Gideon, (who, as he is now licensed, we will in future call Mr. Cymbal;) and he sat at once the conscious and wondering spectator, and the unconscious object of their mirth. The call for a bumper to his Majesty's health, brought them, however, to some order: and after the usual routine of loyal toasts from the chair, a reverend brother proposed, "the health of the moderator and presbytery of Bandinnas." The moderator now gave, "the health of our new brother; a good wife, and a good kirk to him."

"Kirk first, and then wife, with your leave, moderator," said one of the brethren, with a face of infinite humour and good nature.

"Let every thing be done decently and in order;—so drink off the health, with its augmentation," said the moderator.

"The church, as established by law," followed, and was drank with much fervour. Next came a round of statesmen and warriors; and the moderator, declaring the stated list of toasts at an end, requested each member to contribute as he pleased his share toward that good humour, which was wont to gladden the presbytery of Bandinnas.

"Pray, Mr. Cymbal," said the minister with the humorous face, "do you know the difference between a minister of the established kirk and a dissenter?" Seceders and independ-

dents being the only dissenters in those parts, Mr. Cymbal began a long dissertation on the objectionable tenets of each of these sects.

"Tut, man," said the interrogator, "you are too grave and wise; who would ever think of serving up a dish of polemics at a dinner of the presbytery of Baudinnas! Can't you answer me in two words?"

"Mr. Cymbal declared his inability to answer in the manner proposed, and expressed the most earnest desire of being informed.

"Well, well," said the other, "I will tell you, provided you promise to be in all time coming a better churchman than you have been to-day."

"Mr. Cymbal looked a little sheepish, but, at the same time, he bowed and promised.

"Here it is then, my dear fellow," said the other, "and see that you in future prove your orthodoxy, by practising as I now preach. The difference between a minister of the established church and a dissenter is—now mark, remember, and practise!—*The dissenter has long graces and short dinners; the established minister long dinners and short graces.*"

The character of Mr. Pound, the apothecary of Fergustown, a man whose 'genius, like the spines of a hedgehog, pointed every way,' is drawn with much humour:—

'His mechanical skill produced many curious machines and inventions. He fought long at a perpetual motion, but his nearest approach to that, was his own continual parading of the streets, fetching and carrying the fair sex to and fro, as occasion required. He constructed an acoustic tube, by the use of which, the screaming of a jack might be made to resemble the sound of a French-horn; and which lent to the most croaking and dissonant voice, all the charms of that of a Catalini. He contrived a self-operating coffee-roaster; which being placed on the fire, instantly put itself into motion; and at the same time moved the pestle of a large mortar, in which the coffee was finely pulverised. Moreover he contrived improvements in chimneys, which would have been very useful to Sir Isaac Newton, when, as 'tis said, he sat burning his shins, and speculating about removing the wall. This improvement was a large cast iron recess directly behind the grate. When the fire became so hot as to be disagreeable, it was instantly, by the turning of a wrench, removed into the recess, and secured under lock and key; and when the recess was not required for this purpose, it could be conveniently as well as profitably used for roasting potatoes, or baking pies. It would be endless, however, to enumerate all his inventions.

'But there were three which were so capital and ingenious in themselves, and upon which the artist prided himself so much, that it would be unpardonable to pass them without notice. These were, the diagonal pistol, the anemotical churn, and the steam cradle.

'The diagonal pistol, had it got in general use, might have been of capital service to those burghers and others, who, having no brains of their own, are anxious to shoot the brains out of other folks; and yet who cannot face the enemy without trepidation,—when the artist looked and aimed due north, the pistol would hit an object situated north-north-west.

'The churn consisted of a small cylindrical cask, placed vertically, in which a perforated piston was worked by sails like those of a windmill; the rotatory motion of the sails being, by a curious piece of mechanism, converted into the alternating motion of the piston. Cream being put into the cylinder, and the whole exposed to the action of the wind, butter was (wonderful to relate!) produced without any manual labour whatever. It was, indeed, objected by some, that this churn, ingenious though it certainly was, could not be used except during wind; and not even then, unless that wind was unaccompanied by rain. The ingenious inventor, however, insisted that the sails might be put in motion by the action of a pair of bellows; that when the apparatus was

small, these bellows might be worked by the hand; and when it was large, a steam engine of a dairy maid's power might be employed. A practical churn of this kind had never been made, but the artist had a working model. This he would place on the table; and, putting into it the cream destined for his breakfast, he would set the whole revolving and churning by the bellows, to the great astonishment and delight of all those ladies and others who attended his morning levee. The churn was a standing exhibition, both with him and the doctor, and the story ran, that they had knocked their intellects together at its formation.

'It is no easy matter to form an idea of the steam cradle. It was suspended in a frame, to the one end of which were affixed two cylinders of cast iron, by the alternate filling and exhausting of which the cradle was thrown into a vibratory motion. These cylinders could be supplied with steam by a bent tube luted to the spout of a teakettle; and the machinery was so contrived, that, while it gave motion to the cradle, it turned a small barrel organ, which played the sweetest lullaby imaginable.'

Mr. Pound was also a great preparer of cosmetics and a skilful chemist; he electrified the ladies for the rheumatism and the blue devils, and galvanized them for the tooth ache and loss of temper. In all these avocations and inventions he succeeded admirably, except in one instance:—

'The invention which failed was a *telacoust*, which being applied to the ear at the same time that there was a telescope at the eye, enabled the knowledge of distant objects to find its way by the doors of two senses at once. By this instrument, the philosophers flattered themselves that they could from their windows hear all that was going on in the street; and by a regular series of observations from the top of the steeple, learn all the scandal of the glen, for the benefit of Miss Gatherskirt, themselves, and others. There were indeed two obstacles to be removed: First, the difficulty of making the instrument large enough; and, secondly, the exclusion of sounds which they might not wish to hear. The first was in so far overcome, by forming into something shaped like an ear-trumpet, all the spare tin-plates in the town. The instrument so constructed, and the telescope, were carried to Epicycle's garden for trial, and both were pointed over the hedge, toward a man and woman, who stood together at some distance from the apparatus. Epicycle directed his eye and bent his ear; but it chanced that an ass which was grazing outside the hedge, was attracted by the extraordinary glitter of the tin-plate, and drawing near, it took fright, and brayed so loud into the very mouth of the telacoust, that the ear of the philosopher was almost torn asunder. Enraged at the loudness, and yet more at the kind of the music, he dashed the instrument to pieces; and it was never either repaired or mentioned.'

The following reflections on the disgraceful neglect of Burns, and the hypocritical honours that are now heaping on his memory, are creditable to the head and heart of the author:—

'Burns arrived at Edinburgh, at least manly and independent,—independent, indeed, in one sense, to a folly if not to a fault,—a fault which rendered him an easy prey to crafty and insinuating reptiles; who,—by flattering his foibles, and (with a baseness which would have disgraced the devil himself,) tempting him to despise and neglect that watchfulness of his own interest which was essential to his real independence,—contrived to fatten on the fruits of his genius and labour, while they knew that he himself was at the same time starving;—who have since insulted his memory, by thrusting forward their own impudent insignificance in connexion with his mighty name,—as if they, forsooth, had been the patrons of the bard!—and who, with a shameless brass of visage,

which nothing but a want of good taste and proper feeling on the part of others can tolerate, are permitted still to exhibit themselves, and to be toasted, and to return their maudlin speechifications in the imposing character of —. O shame! the tongue which dares to pronounce that epithet—thus debased and prostituted, deserves to be struck dumb; and the hand which could have the hardihood to write it, ought to be withered by the stroke of mocked and insulted truth.

Burns arrived at Edinburgh in all the ardour of genius, and met with general attention and admiration. In some few instances these were no doubt sincere; but he thought them all so—because his education and habits, and, still more, the manly and unsuspecting structure of his mind, prevented him from seeing that the greater part was the result of mere curiosity or vanity, and that a new buffoon or juggler would have excited the same. Burns mistook the hollow politeness of the great for the expression of genuine friendship; and this, together with his perhaps wayward and absurd notions of dignity,—without which, however, he could not have been Burns,—was his destruction. The cup of Circe had been presented to his lips, and he fell prone into ruin and wretchedness. Many might, indeed ought, to have mitigated his sufferings; and possibly there may have been some, who fed on him and with him, that had sufficient influence,—though they perhaps wanted the justice, or the gratitude, or the sense,—to correct his weakness, arrest his fate, and save his country from a stain. That stain is a deep one!—No farce of anniversary dinners, where those—who flattered the bard on to destruction—and it may be, threw him, while in the very depth of misery, an alms as if he had been a common beggar, and not the source equally of their glory and their wealth,—present themselves as Satan did among the sons of God:—No farce of anniversary dinners, even though washed from this pollution, and no mummery of monuments, can cover or hide the disgrace. Aye, and future bards should learn wisdom from the rocks against which Burns was driven, by nature and circumstances; as well as from the “lead and lumber” which sunk him in the gulf.

We confess that the perusal of this novel has given us much pleasure; the incidents of the story never outrage probability; nor are the characters of the individuals extended (as is too often the case) to caricature; the language is always easy, and often vigorous and powerful; but had it been less colloquial we think it would have been to the general advantage, especially as the author's talents in narrative and description are of a very superior order. On the whole, we recommend ‘Glenfergus’ to our readers, and doubt not, but that its popularity will be such as to give some trouble to the proprietors of circulating libraries, on whose shelves it is not likely to sleep.

The Sketch Book of Geoffrey Crayon, Gent.

(Continued.)

As we shall extend our notice of this very clever work to another number, we shall for the present content ourselves with two extracts. The first, which is one of the finest passages of the whole work, is from a sketch entitled ‘The Wife’ and is intended to exhibit the fidelity, resolution, and amiableness of the female character in adversity. The story is very short: Leslie, a man of fortune, is married to a beautiful and accomplished girl, who had been brought up in the midst of fashionable life. A few months after a union which promised so much happiness, Leslie embarked his fortune in large speculations and lost it. Obligated to give up his expensive establishment, he retired to a small cottage, which his amiable wife, unsubdued and unchanged in her affec-

tions, did all in her power to render comfortable. The author has here drawn a fine sketch, but if he had wished to exhibit the female character in its fairest light, or to put female affection to its severest test, he should not only have reduced Leslie from affluence, but he should have stripped him of his beautiful cottage well furnished, nor have left him the luxury of ‘strawberries and cream;’ for the enjoyment of these is not (in England at least) considered poverty.

The following passage, to which we have already alluded, commences this sketch; it is an eloquent and a just tribute to the softer sex:—

‘I have often had occasion to remark the fortitude with which women sustain the most overwhelming reverses of fortune. Those disasters which break down the spirit of a man, and prostrate him in the dust, seem to call forth all the energies of the softer sex, and give such intrepidity and elevation to their character, that at times it approaches to sublimity. Nothing can be more touching than to behold a soft and tender female, who had been all weakness and dependence, and alive to every trivial roughness while treading the prosperous paths of life, suddenly rising in mental force, to be the comforter and supporter of her husband under misfortune, and abiding, with unshrinking firmness, the bitterest blasts of adversity.

‘As the vine which has long twined its graceful foliage about the oak, and been lifted by it into sunshine, will, when the hardy plant is rifted by the thunderbolt, cling round it with its caressing tendrils, and bind up its shattered boughs; so is it beautifully ordered by providence, that woman, who is the mere dependant and ornament of man in his happier hours, should be his stay and solace when smitten with sudden calamity; winding herself into the rugged recesses of his nature, tenderly supporting the drooping head, and binding up the broken heart.

‘I was once congratulating a friend, who had around him a blooming family, knit together in the strongest affection. “I can wish you no better lot,” said he, with enthusiasm, “than to have a wife and children.—If you are prosperous, there they are to share your prosperity; if otherwise, there they are to comfort you.” And, indeed, I have observed that a married man falling into misfortune, is more apt to retrieve his situation in the world than a single one; partly because he is more stimulated to exertion by the necessities of the helpless and beloved beings who depend upon him for subsistence; but chiefly because his spirits are soothed and relieved by domestic endearments, and his self respect kept alive by finding, that though all abroad is darkness and humiliation, yet there is still a little world of love at home, of which he is the monarch. Whereas a single man is apt to run to waste and self neglect; to fancy himself lonely and abandoned, and his heart to fall to ruin like some deserted mansion, for want of an inhabitant.

The sketch of ‘the Country Church’ proves the author to be well acquainted with English manners, and to be more aristocratic than a citizen of the United States might be expected. We give it entire:—

‘There are few places more favourable to the study of character than an English country church. I was once passing a few weeks at the seat of a friend, who resided in the vicinity of one, the appearance of which particularly struck my fancy. It was one of those rich morsels of quaint antiquity which give such a peculiar charm to English landscape. It stood in the midst of a county filled with ancient families, and contained, within its cold and silent aisles, the congregated dust of many noble generations. The interior walls were encrusted with monuments of every age and style. The light streamed through windows dimmed with armorial bearings, richly emblazoned in stained glass. In various parts of the church

were tombs of knights, and high-born dames, of gorgeous workmanship, with their effigies in coloured marble. On every side the eye was struck with some instance of aspiring mortality; some haughty memorial which human pride had erected over its kindred dust, in this temple of the most humble of all religions.

The congregation was composed of the neighbouring people of rank, who sat in pews sumptuously lined and cushioned, furnished with richly-gilded prayer books, and decorated with their arms upon the pew doors; of the villagers and peasantry, who filled the back seats, and a small gallery beside the organ; and of the poor of the parish, who were ranged on benches in the aisles.

The service was performed by a snuffing well fed vicar, who had a snug dwelling near the church. He was a privileged guest at all the tables of the neighbourhood, and had been the keenest fox-hunter in the county; until age and good living had disabled him from doing any thing more than ride to see the hounds throw off, and make one at the hunting dinner.

Under the ministry of such a pastor, I found it impossible to get into the train of thought suitable to the time and place; so, having, like many other feeble Christians, compromised with my conscience, by laying the sin of my own delinquency at another person's threshold, I occupied myself by making observations on my neighbours.

I was as yet a stranger in England, and curious to notice the manners of its fashionable classes. I found, as usual, that there was the least pretension where there was the most acknowledged title to respect. I was particularly struck, for instance, with the family of a nobleman of high rank, consisting of several sons and daughters. Nothing could be more simple and unassuming than their appearance. They generally came to church in the plainest equipage, and often on foot. The young ladies would stop and converse, in the kindest manner, with the peasantry, caress the children, and listen to the stories of the humble cottagers. Their countenances were open and beautifully fair, with an expression of high refinement, but, at the same time, a frank cheerfulness, and an engaging affability. Their brothers were tall, and elegantly formed. They were dressed fashionably, but simply; with strict neatness and propriety, but without any mannerism or foppishness. Their whole demeanour was easy and natural, with that lofty grace, and noble frankness, which bespeak free-born souls that have never been checked in their growth by feelings of inferiority. There is a healthful hardiness about real dignity, that never dreads contact and communion with others, however humble. It is only spurious pride that is morbid and sensitive, and shrinks from every touch. I was pleased to see the manner in which they would converse with the peasantry about those rural concerns and field sports, in which the gentlemen of this country so much delight. In these conversations, there was neither haughtiness on the one part, nor servility on the other; and you were only reminded of the difference of rank by the habitual respect of the peasant.

In contrast to these, was the family of a wealthy citizen, who had amassed a vast fortune; and, having purchased the estate and mansion of a ruined nobleman in the neighbourhood, was endeavouring to assume all the style and dignity of an hereditary lord of the soil. The family always came to church *en prince*. They were rolled majestically along in a carriage emblazoned with arms. The crest glittered in silver radiance from every part of the harness where a crest could possibly be placed. A fat coachman in a three-cornered hat, richly laced, and a flaxen wig, curling close round his rosy face, was seated on the box, with a sleek Danish dog beside him. Two footmen, in gorgeous liveries, with huge bouquets, and gold-headed canes, lolled behind. The carriage rose and sunk on its long springs with peculiar stateliness of motion. The very horses champed their bits, arched their backs, and glanced their eyes more proudly than common

horses; either because they had got a little of the family feeling, or were reined up more tightly than ordinary.

I could not but admire the style with which this splendid pageant was brought up to the gate of the church-yard. There was a vast effect produced at the turning of an angle of the wall. A great cracking of the whip; straining and scrambling of the horses; glistening of harness, and flashing of wheels through gravel. This was the moment of triumph and vain glory to the coachman. The horses were urged and checked until they were fretted into a foam. They threw out their feet in a prancing trot, dashing about pebbles at every step. The crowd of villagers sauntering quietly to church, opened precipitately to the right and left, gaping in vacant admiration. On reaching the gate, the horses were pulled up with a suddenness that produced an immediate stop, and almost threw them on their haunches.

There was an extraordinary hurry of the footmen to alight, open the door, pull down the steps, and prepare every thing for the descent on earth of this august family. The old citizen first emerged his round red face from out the door, looking about him with the pompous air of a man accustomed to rule on 'Change, and shake the stock market with a nod. His consort, a fine, fleshy, comfortable dame, followed him. There seemed, I must confess, but little pride in her composition. She was the picture of broad, honest, vulgar enjoyment. The world went well with her; and she liked the world. She had fine clothes, a fine house, a fine carriage, fine children, every thing was fine about her: it was nothing but driving about, and visiting and feasting. Life was to her a perpetual revel; it was one long Lord Mayor's day.

Two daughters succeeded to this goodly couple. They certainly were handsome; but had a supercilious air, that chilled admiration, and disposed the spectator to be critical. They were ultra-fashionables in dress; and, though no one could deny the richness of their decorations, yet their appropriateness might be questioned amidst the simplicity of a country church. They descended loftily from the carriage, and moved up the line of peasantry with a step that seemed dainty of the soil it trod on. They cast an excursive glance around, that passed coldly over the burly faces of the peasantry, until they met the eyes of the nobleman's family, when their countenances immediately brightened into smiles, and they made the most profound and elegant courtesies; which were returned in a manner that showed they were but slight acquaintances.

I must not forget the two sons of this aspiring citizen, who came to church in a dashing curricule, with outriders. They were arrayed in the extremity of the mode, with all that pedantry of dress which marks the man of questionable pretensions to style. They kept entirely by themselves, eyeing every one askance that came near them, as if measuring his claims to respectability; yet they were without conversation, except the exchange of an occasional cant phrase. They even moved artificially; for their bodies, in compliance with the caprice of the day, had been disciplined into the absence of all ease and freedom. Art had done every thing to accomplish them as men of fashion, but nature had denied them the nameless grace. They were vulgarly shaped, like men formed for the common purposes of life, and had that air of supercilious assumption which is never seen in the true gentleman.

I have been rather minute in drawing the pictures of these two families, because I considered them specimens of what is often to be met with in this country—the unpretending great, and the arrogant little. I have no respect for titled rank, unless it be accompanied by true nobility of soul; but I have remarked, in all countries where artificial distinctions exist, the very highest class are always the most courteous and unassuming. Those who are well assured of their own standing, are least apt to trespass on that of others; whereas, nothing is so offensive as the aspirings of vulgarity, which thinks to elevate itself by humiliating its neighbour.

As I have brought these families into contrast, I must no-

tice their behaviour in church, That of the nobleman's family was quiet, serious, and attentive. Not that they appeared to have any fervour of devotion, but rather a respect for sacred things, and sacred places, inseparable from good breeding. The others, on the contrary, were in a perpetual flutter and whisper; they betrayed a continual consciousness of finery, and a sorry ambition of being the wonders of a rural congregation.

'The old gentleman was the only one really attentive to the service. He took the whole burden of family devotion upon himself, standing bolt upright, and uttering the responses with a loud voice, that might be heard all over the church. It was evident that he was one of those thorough church and king men, who connect the idea of devotion and loyalty; who consider the deity, some how or other, of the government party, and religion, "a very excellent sort of thing, that ought to be countenanced and kept up."

'When he joined so loudly in the service, it seemed more by way of example to the lower orders, to shew them, that though so great and wealthy, he was not above being religious; as I have seen a turtle-fed alderman swallow publicly a basin of charity soup, smacking his lips at every mouthful, and pronouncing it "excellent food for the poor."

'When the service was at an end, I was curious to witness the several exits of my groups. The young noblemen and their sisters, as the day was fine, preferred strolling home across the fields, chatting with the country people as they went. The others departed as they came, in grand parade. Again were the equipages wheeled up to the gate. There was again the smacking of whips, the clattering of hoofs, and the glittering of harness. The horses started off almost at a bound; the villagers again hurried to right and left; the wheels threw up a cloud of dust; and the aspiring family was wrapt out of sight in a whirlwind.'

(To be concluded in our next.)

Poetical Tributes to the Memory of his late Majesty; containing an Elegy and a Monody. 8vo. pp. 22. London, 1820.

WE know not to what cause it is to be attributed, that so few poetical effusions have issued to the memory of the best of kings. Is it that this event has been so rapidly succeeded by others of great importance, that it is nearly forgotten, or are our bards preparing their congratulations to honour the coronation of the new monarch? To worship the rising sun is the policy of the age, though poets, perhaps, partake of the resulting benefits less than any other class of individuals; and we cannot, therefore, attribute their comparative silence on this occasion to mere selfishness.

Of the few poems on the subject of his late Majesty, that have come under our observation, we have met with none equal to the present Elegy; indeed, we think it may justly be placed in the first rank in this species of composition. There is such an originality of idea, such genuine feeling and pathos breathed through the whole, that we are sure it must be admired by every lover of good poetry. As the 'Elegy' is not long, and no single stanza could give a just idea of its merits, we trust the publisher will excuse our inserting the whole of it:—

AN ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF HIS LATE MAJESTY.

"—— So many great
Illustrious spirits have convers'd with woe,
Have in her school been taught, as are enough
To consecrate distress."—*Thomson*.

'Bells toll for peasants, and we heed them not;
But when proclaiming that the nobler die,
Rous'd by the grandeur of their lofty lot,
Musing we listen—moralizing sigh.

Such knells have now a sad, familiar sound;
Oh! that which spoke worst woe to Albion's isle,
More unaccustomed flung its murmurs round,
Chill'd the warm heart and stole the gayest smile.

We cannot grieve alike o'er youth and age:
The loveliest scion of the royal tree,
We mourn'd in anguish time could scarce assuage;
We wept—and, oh! not only wept for thee!

Survivors claimed the bitterest of our tears;
And we had sorrows that were all our own;
We who had cherished hopes for future years,
Too long indulged, too soon, alas! o'erthrown.

But thee, the age-worn monarch of these realms,
Thyself survivor of each dearest tie,
We mourn not with the sorrow that o'erwhelms,
But with the silent tear of memory.

It is not now the blossom in its prime,
Torn in fresh vigor from its parent root,
Scatt'ring in vernal gales before its time
The golden promise of expected fruit;

It is the oak, once monarch of the glade,
That lives again in many a circling tree,
Itself all branchless, sapless, and decay'd,
Yields to its full completed destiny.

Thy sun was not eclips'd in sudden night,
But ran its course, and slowly verging set;
Preparing shadows had involv'd its light,
And stol'n the poignant anguish of regret.

To spare worse pangs than ever madness proved,
That friendly darkness of the mind was given,
That thou might'st never mourn the fondly-loved,
Nor know them lost on earth, till met in heaven.

Yet lingering sadness in our hearts is found,
'Tis still a pensive thought that all is past;
"Farewell" is ever of a mournful sound,
Part when we may, 'tis parting still, at last.

We thought not on thy life, nor mourn'd thy death,
But death hath now recall'd thy life once more,
And the last pang, that drew thy parting breath,
Seem'd to our hearts thy image to restore.

We muse on all thou wert, and tears will start,
When shall we see so good, so great again?
But wherefore ponder not on what thou art,
High o'er this brief abode of woe, and pain?

Oh! what a glorious change from dark to light,
From double darkness of the soul and eye,
When thy freed spirit spread its wings for flight!
In thee 'twas death to live, 'tis life to die.

To thee! it is to all, whose anchor'd faith
Enters beyond Death's transient veil of gloom;
But oh! how perfect was thy living death,
Who wert thyself thine own unjoyous tomb!

Those darken'd eyes no more obstruct the day,
That mind no more spurns Reason's blest controul,
Far from its ruin'd tenement of clay,
All eye, all reason, soars the happy soul.

Dull are those ears no more, but raptur'd share,
Notes far from Earth's best harmony remov'd;
But oh! of all the heavenly music there,
Is not the sweetest, every voice belov'd?

Say as the hour of blissful death drew nigh,
 Did not around thy couch bright angels stand,
 Reveal'd in vision to thy mental eye,
 And sweetly whisper—"Join our kindred band!"
 "Leave thy poor crown of earth, whose every gem
 "Was but the splendid covering of a thorn;
 "For thee ev'n now, a brighter diadem,
 "Cluster'd with beams, by Seraph hands is borne.
 "That crown not less domestic virtues twine,
 "Than patriot Faith, unsullied, unsubdued,
 "Which never purchas'd at Ambition's shrine
 "A nation's glory, with a nation's good.
 "Come, where, beyond the portals of the grave,
 "The lov'd, the lost, to thy embraces press!
 "Come, where a Saviour, who has died to save,
 "Lives, loves, and reigns, eternally to bless!"

C. C. T.

The Monody which follows is evidently not by the same author; indeed, it appears to be from a female pen; and notwithstanding it is printed with so superior a production as the elegy, yet it possesses considerable poetic merit: the concluding stanza is beautiful and pathetic,—

'From thee was hid the opening grave,
 Prepared for KENT, the good, the brave,
 O'er which ten thousand thankful sighs
 Are breath'd in sorrowing sacrifice;
 And here a widow'd Princess stands,
 An orphan spreads its pleading hands,
 Whose very smiles can to the heart
 A pang "beyond a name impart,"—
 But here thy closing scene was given,
 It pass'd in peace—and all was heaven.'

The Star; or, Epitome of Christian Knowledge: comprising the Catechism of the Church of England, a Morning and Evening Prayer, and the Morning, Evening, Christmas, and Easter Hymns, set to Music, &c. &c. Designed by Joseph Taylor. In an Engraved Sheet. London, 1820.

THIS is such a tasteful and elegant engraving, that we almost hesitated whether we should not class it under the Fine Arts. In the centre of the plate is one of the best profiles of our late venerable monarch. It is surrounded with lines of alternate lengths, containing the Church Catechism, and Morning and Evening Prayers, which form a glory round our departed monarch, and have a very happy effect. In the four corners of the plate will be found the hymns, with the music, as they are generally sung. The plate is dedicated to the Society for promoting Christian Knowledge.

Original Communications.

LITERARY QUACKERY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE LITERARY CHRONICLE.

SIR,—I am much pleased with your valuable miscellany, and have felt interested in its prosperity from the commencement; but while I admire its integrity and candour, I cannot but condemn its forbearance in not exposing the quackery of a cotemporary periodical publication; for, if the *Literary Chronicle* is to be a guard against literary impositions, it cannot do its duty unless it extend its vigilance to the utmost. Individual delicacy in a

public journalist should never screen crafty delinquency. The quackery I complain of, in that publication, is the attempt to impose on the public an *unity* of *two* papers, while they bear two titles, and form two different publications; they thus speak of their papers and circulation under one general term, and impose upon the credulity of those who reckon upon their identity. They also puff them off as—'A New Weekly Paper,'—and as a literary 'newspaper,' to which they have no more pretensions than a counterfeit coin has to pass for a genuine one, by bearing the same stamp. Another of these puttings forth is, that it is 'a New Literary Journal.' Is there no sinister design in this? It is well known that it had a precarious existence long *before* the *old* Literary Journal appeared, which journal has ceased to appear twelve months. How, then, can it assume the name of the *new*, unless to take advantage of the popularity of a more recent and more honourably conducted publication? By the by, they now, for the first time, promise to give, in future, 'amusing extracts,'—a tacit admission that their former numbers could boast of no such valuable materials. At another period, with your permission, I may probably pursue this subject, and am, Sir, your's, &c.

AN ADVERTIZER.

OLD MAIDS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE LITERARY CHRONICLE.

SIR,—No country in the world is more remarkable for its charitable foundations than England, and no city equal to London. So multifarious are the charitable institutions of this vast metropolis, that it requires some ingenuity to point out any destitute class for whom some kind of provision is not made; but as one has just struck me forcibly, I lose no time in requesting you to make it public:—there are no public asylums,—no alms-houses,—no places of private retreat and solace, for one class, who, from the desolateness of their condition, require one more than any other; I mean that class who are commonly called *old maids*. Now, Sir, when we consider that these are too often made the scoff of the ignorant,—that thousands have remained in celibacy from the most honourable sentiments, that their consequent deprivations are numerous and irremediable,—no husband nor child to watch over their infirmities,—it surely is not too much to hope that some patriotic individuals may be led to congregate for the benefit of the amiable and unfortunate of the class alluded to. By giving place to these hints, you will greatly oblige, Sir,

A CONSTANT READER.

STREET SWEEPERS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE LITERARY CHRONICLE.

SIR,—If I thought I should check the operation of that genuine benevolence which gives value to Englishmen, I would not address the public though the voice of your excellent paper; but it appears to me necessary for some attention to be given to the numerous persons who stand at the crossings and corners of the streets of this city and its adjacent parishes.

Instead of those who take up their stations when and where they please, I think there might be suitable characters found in the workhouses, who are able to keep certain parts swept daily, especially during the worst seasons

of the year. For it must be allowed, by gentlemen whose residences are a short distance from their business, such a practice imposes a very heavy tax on the pocket, but more particularly clerks and others, whose situations require them to make a genteel appearance in life, with scanty means. Frequently passing and repassing, and continued contributions, will amount to a large sum in the course of a year, and on whom is it expended after all? Some of the most undeserving, who are outcasts of society, and are too much tainted with vagrant contagion to clean even the passes which they profess to keep.

If bounty be withheld from them, they exercise their anathemas in the most shameful manner, and this too, even within the hearing of the persons who disappoint their expectations; we need not be surprised at this; but, it is wrong of the magistrates and parochial gentlemen to suffer it,—while they can send the *blind* forth at different stations, too many of whom it is feared are hardened in iniquity, to affect the feelings of the liberal; but, Sir, I conclude, by leaving the above before you, and, perhaps, some pen more capable than mine will enter more fully into the subject, while

I am, Sir, your's, &c. P.

Feb. 22.

'RAGGED CHORUS-ROARERS.'

'An unjust critic is not reason's friend,
Whate'er his pen applaud or discommend.'

TO THE EDITOR OF THE LITERARY CHRONICLE.

SIR,—Although I am not *Il Fanatico per la Musica*, yet, by your recommendation, I went a great distance from home to hear the Oratorio of Friday last, at the Coburg Theatre. Indeed, Sir, I had a high musical treat, and in justice to the proprietors, there was a banquet of melody prepared for every guest; and I was, therefore, much surprised, that the writer of a cotemporary paper of Saturday, should descend from his critical chair to call the chorus-singers,—*ragged chorus-roarers!* So far from there being either *rags* or *roaring*, I never saw a more respectable selection of singers at any oratorio, the best of whom, fortunately for this little theatre, were engaged from the Opera, the Ancient Concert, Old Drury, the Cecilian Society, and, lastly, Covent Garden. There was no injunction given for the *dirty-shirted* to sit in the last rows, as was once notoriously known at this last-mentioned theatre; and as to the groups entering before the green curtain, although I think it would be an improvement could they be arranged behind with the instrumental performers, yet custom has sanctioned it at all other places during the oratorios.

As the last oratorio for this season will have been performed before this letter can appear, I cannot be supposed to have any other motive in addressing the public, than to maintain truth and justice.

But, Sir, I have trespassed on your goodness, and I conclude by assuring you that I am

Your's constantly,

A LOVER OF HARMONY.

March 20, 1820.

SECRET HISTORY OF THE REIGN OF GEORGE III.

(Concluded from p. 188.)

January 2nd. The Prince received a letter from Dr. Willis, to inform him of essential amendment in the King. The Queen wrote to Mr. Pitt to the same effect.

Ministry presumed much upon these communications, and expressed their hopes, that his Majesty might be well enough on Monday to signify his approbation of a Speaker. Dr. Warren was still tenacious of his former opinion; and assured the Prince that, though the King was not then in the deplorable way in which he had often seen him, there was nothing in his Majesty's present state that could warrant the expectation of recovery. The Prince, confiding in Warren's judgment, naturally considered the favourable reports as mere fabrications, to serve a sinister purpose, and could not refrain from some expressions against the —, who, relying upon the infallibility of Willis, considered the Prince's backwardness to credit her assurances as an argument of his discontent at the nature of them. Officious persons, acting from indiscreet zeal, if not from still more reprehensible motives, contributed to increase the subsisting discontents.

The entertainments given by the Duke of York, having for their avowed object the conciliation of members of both houses, the conversations then naturally rested upon subjects interesting to the Prince. At the three first, his Royal Highness was present, and expatiated with great eloquence upon 'the indignities and injustice he had experienced from the usurpers of those powers of which he conceived he ought to be possessed, as the natural representative of a father, unhappily incapable of exercising them; and, to the infinite affliction of his family, not likely to be ever again in a situation to hold the reins of government.' The Prince spoke copiously, expressed himself with great propriety, and a degree of eloquence that would have ensured attention, if his rank had not commanded it. His Royal Highness gave a particular detail of some transactions at Windsor, in the beginning of the King's illness. He said, 'reports have been circulated, that I had frequent interviews with Mr. Pitt. The truth is, I saw him but once during my stay at Windsor. In the first days of the King's illness, and before I had recovered from the shock it occasioned me, some persons told me that Mr. Pitt and the Duke of Richmond were come. My mind fully occupied by the sad state of things, I hardly heard, and it soon escaped my recollection that they were there.'

'Some time after, Mr. St. Leger entered the room, and told me that the Duke of Richmond and Mr. Pitt had been waiting two hours. I awoke as it were from a trance, and desired that they might instantly be admitted. The Duke was most obsequious, bowed incessantly. Mr. Pitt was most stately: he said he should do so and so, and looked with unforgiving haughtiness.'

Adverting to the King's private concerns, the Prince said, 'that in a lucid interval of some hours, before his Majesty left Windsor, he had talked consistently of the state of his affairs; said he had written, some time since, directions respecting the distribution he wished to have made of his property; but he doubted whether they were properly prepared. He hoped, however, that the purport would be attended to. The money he could dispose of was, he said, six hundred thousand pounds. Having six daughters, it was his wish to give each one hundred thousand pounds; his daughters he had ever considered as the objects of his peculiar care. His sons easily might, and certainly would, be provided for by the nation; but, for his daughters, a provision might not perhaps be made without difficulty.'

The Prince proceeded to say, 'he had assured the

Queen he should be happy to conform in every thing to the wishes of his royal father; and he promised that every indication of his intentions previous to his indisposition, should be religiously observed. Her Majesty having then received no unworthy impression, was satisfied and happy in receiving this assurance; and permitted him and the Duke of York to assist in packing up, and to put their seals upon, the crown jewels, and some valuable moveables of the King's, which, together with the Queen's jewels, were conveyed to Kew when the Queen went thither. The Prince added, 'he had now to lament a sad revolution in her Majesty's opinion, which had been effected by mischievous and designing persons. He had received a letter from her Majesty, of her own writing, but not of her own dictating. It charged him with designing to take advantage of the weak state of the King, to get possession of his treasures; and to change the whole face of things.' Ladies —, H—, and C—, were censured by his Royal Highness as the advisers of this letter. He said he had charged the last-mentioned with a knowledge of it; and, if he had not before had a certainty of it, her confusion would have given it.

The Prince complained of the personal indignity with which Mr. Pitt had treated him on every occasion. He specified two important instances of most indecorous conduct towards him. The summonses to members of privy council to examine the physicians, (of which he had received no previous intimation,) and the restrictions upon the power of a Regent, had both been sent by common Treasury-messengers, and left without ceremony with a porter at Carlton House.

The Prince was not present at the fourth and last entertainment. The Duke of York entered upon the interesting detail of the injury done to his brother in withholding his acknowledged rights, and of the imposition practised upon the public by fallacious representations of the King's state. His Royal Highness said, 'It must be imagined that the subject was a most painful one to him; that only the solicitude he felt to impress a sense of his brother's wrongs, and to warn gentlemen whom there was a design to mislead, could have induced him to enter upon it.' His Royal Highness spoke concisely but clearly. He declared 'that a string of fallacies had been obtruded upon the public; gave his royal word that not one of the King's children was permitted to approach him: and lamented that 'the Queen, wrought upon by insidious arts, particularly by the machinations of the Chancellor, seemed resolved to abet the daring attempt to supersede his brother's just pretensions, and to promote the views of those most inimical to him.'

His Royal Highness then mentioned an attempt, on the preceding Thursday, to prevent Sir G. Baker's seeing the King, which was rendered abortive, by his steadily refusing to sign the bulletin, if that were not permitted. The Duke said 'that endeavours had also been used, the following day, to prevent Dr. Warren's entering the royal chamber, Willis assuring him that the King was in such a state as promised immediate recovery, and that his presence would do harm. Warren, upon an acknowledgment being extorted that the Queen had seen the King that morning, insisted upon being admitted, as one whose presence was less likely to agitate the royal mind. He found his Majesty sitting quietly, and attentively considering a Court calendar, which he was translating, from

beginning to end, into doggerel Latin. He accosted Warren upon his entrance, 'Ricardensus Warrenensus baronetensus.' The Duke said 'Warren had assured him that, after a long and minute examination, he brought away the melancholy conviction that the mind was only subdued, and that its sanity was in no degree restored.'

On the Duke's being asked what was the general state of his Majesty's health, he replied, 'he was told that he was deplorably emaciated; but that that circumstance was as much concealed as possible.' His Royal Highness said, 'that the Queen seemed no longer to have confidence in any person but the Chancellor, who, while he was flattering her Majesty with every demonstration of zeal, was paying obsequious court to his brother.' He added, 'he seems to have learnt a lesson of duplicity from Pitt. The Chancellor,' the Duke continued, 'seldom fails to receive three or four letters a-day from the Queen, and he generally sees her once every day. Till concealments respecting the King began to be practised, and till the Queen suddenly declared her resolution to accept the Regency, if the Prince would not accept it with severe restrictions, my brother and myself omitted not one day paying our duty to her. But since these events, our visits have been discontinued.'

The Duke concluded by expressing in strong terms 'the misery he felt at being compelled to make an appeal to the public, that induced the necessity of exposing circumstances, over which every principle of delicacy, feeling, and filial affection, prompted his royal brother and himself to throw a veil; and which a sense of what they owed to that public could alone prevent their interposing; their duty to that outweighing, in their estimation, all that could affect themselves.'

24th of Jan. The King had been terribly affected during the last seven or eight days. On the 19th his Majesty had been induced to walk in the garden. The anxiety of the amiable and royal female relatives drew them to an upper window. Regardless of every thing but his own impulses, his Majesty threw his hat into the air, and hurled a stick he held in his hand to an incredible distance; such was the force that animated him. His Majesty then proceeded with a rapid movement towards the Pagoda, which he was very desirous to ascend. Being thwarted in that, he became sullen and desperate, threw himself upon the earth; and so great was his strength, and so powerful his resistance, that it was three-quarters of an hour before Willis and four assistants could raise him.

19th of February. The Prince and the Duke of York repeated their visit to Kew; but the Queen still judged it inexpedient for them to be admitted to the King. Her Majesty informed their Royal Highnesses, that, as soon as it should become proper for them to see the King, they should be apprised of it by her.

February the 20th. The Chancellor acquainted the Lords that the King's health was then in such a progress towards perfect re-establishment, that there was a probability their Lordships' interference would be no longer necessary. The Duke of York replied, that, 'as nothing could give him greater happiness than the restoration of his royal father, so he should have felt it a peculiar gratification to have been enabled to give their Lordships an assurance of its probability from any authority; and he could not without infinite regret acknowledge, that he

had not yet been permitted to see the King though he had gone to Kew the preceding day in the hope of receiving that indulgence.' His Royal Highness added, 'that his brother must rejoice even more than himself at his Majesty's perfect recovery, as that must deliver him from embarrassments which the nature of the bill must render almost insupportable; and which only his attachment to the state, and affection for the people, could have induced him to subject himself to.'

On the 23d the Prince and the Duke of York went, upon invitation from the Queen, to Kew, and were admitted to the King. Her Majesty and Colonel Digby only were present. The King behaved with composure, and talked rationally. The conversation was confined to topics that were general and indifferent; the death of General Wynyard, and the resignation of General Hyde, were principally dwelt upon. It was observed by the royal brothers that the King's attention was chiefly directed to the Duke of York, for whom it was supposed he had ever entertained a partiality.

Both Houses met on the 3d of March; the Chancellor spoke in strong and decided terms of his Majesty's capacity to exercise his royal functions.

Mr. Pitt simply informed the Commons, that his Majesty's amended health gave him reason to hope he might make his pleasure known to them on Tuesday, the 10th of March, to which day the House immediately adjourned.

The Ministerial party employed the interval in rejoicing in the accomplishment of their hopes;—Opposition, in reprobating the arts which, they maintained, had substituted fallacy for truth. The extreme caution and reserve that enveloped the proceedings at Kew, were not calculated to disperse suspicion. Mr. Rammeau, his Majesty's oldest and most trusted page, the person whom he had long employed to copy his private correspondences, was dismissed: he was said to be too inquisitive and too communicative. Three other pages were also displaced. Dr. John Willis, son to the eminent practitioner, and a student of his art, was appointed private secretary to the King; and four of Dr. Willis's men remained about the royal person, performing those offices which were in the page's province.

The Prince had been refused admittance to the King, and had patiently acquiesced. The Duke of York attempting to visit him, and being told by Dr. Willis, on the 4th of March, that it was improper H. R. H. should be admitted to his Majesty, gave a loose to his resentment,—asked by what authority he presumed to prevent his seeing his father, and threatened to knock him down, if he dared to oppose him. Dr. Willis then besought permission to apprise the Queen of the visit. To this the Duke consented, stipulating that the Doctor should not be present at the interview which his Royal Highness declared *should* take place. The Queen then hastened to the King's apartment, and the Duke was admitted.

His Royal Highness did not depart with favourable impressions of the King's state; he scrupled not to declare that he thought his Majesty very deficient in mental powers, and that he believed something like fatuity had succeeded to irritation.

On Thursday the 12th, the Duke of York visited his Majesty, whom he found carefully examining a great number of spectacles, and selecting with peculiar care

some which he said were for his dear Eliza. To change the conversation, the Duke informed his Majesty that he had three desertions from his regiment. The King, impatient of the interruption, broke out into violent abuse of the Duke and his regiment, and became so perturbed, that the Queen was obliged to command the attendance of Dr. Willis. On his appearance the storm instantly subsided; his Majesty became quite composed; he talked of an intention to visit Germany; told the Duke that he should send over a curricule and six small greys, and drive the Queen and himself through that country. His Majesty spoke of the high satisfaction he promised himself from visiting Potsdam, and seeing the Prussian army.

During the whole of this estrangement from reason, the subject which most frequently occurred, and with the most forcible effect upon the royal mind, was the American war. The recollection of the proceedings in it, and of the consequences that followed, often produced violent agitation, and strong expressions of resentment against individuals. Lord North was always adverted to; but ever in a manner expressive of the natural tenderness, humanity, and placability of his Majesty's disposition. He never failed to conclude, respecting his Lordship, in the same words, uttered in a hurried but softened and feeling tone,—'I was once very angry with him; but, since his misfortune*, I have felt only compassion for him.'

The Duke of York, on his arrival in town, went to the House of Lords, where the Chancellor had just given assurances of his Majesty's excellent state.

Upon his Royal Highness's communicating to his lordship the result of his observations, the Chancellor, in his characteristic manner, replied, 'By G— they always contrive to wind the King up when I am to see him; and he appears very well before me.'

March the 10th, the bulletins of the three preceding days announced a quiet state. The account of this day stated that his Majesty had had a very good night, and possessed this morning more than usual recollection. The next day his Majesty was declared better. The succeeding one he was pronounced to be in a progressive state of amendment. The bulletin of the 13th said, his Majesty had had four hours sleep, and was going on well.

The Bulletins of the 14th, 15th, and 16th, pronounced a progressive amendment. That of the 17th proclaimed a state of actual convalescence. The succeeding ones, till the 25th, declared uninterrupted progress in well-doing; and that day, and the following day, gave to a loyal and delighted people assurances of the *absolute cessation of all complaint*.

April the 23d. The Prince of Wales attended the public thanksgiving which his Majesty's exemplary piety induced him to offer at St. Paul's, for the mercy vouchsafed. As soon as the service was finished, his Royal Highness hastened to Carlton-House, where he changed his dress for the uniform of his regiment; and, taking the command of it, proceeded to meet his royal father on his return; thus becoming himself his guard and conductor to the Queen's house. Alighting there, his Royal Highness presented himself at the door, in a manner that required to be seen, in order to be duly felt and full understood. It was to the *revered monarch*—to the *beloved parent*—that his Royal Highness offered assistance. The

* A total privation of the blessing of sight.

tender attachment of the most affectionate of sons,—the zealous devotion of the first of subjects,—were manifested with an energy and a grace that no language can adequately describe.

THE LEGENDARY DEVIL.

[In the last number of the *Quarterly Review*, just published, there is an article on the Popular Mythology of the Middle Ages, from which we extract the following portrait of the Legendary, as distinguished from the Theological, Satan.—ED.]

THE legendary Satan is a being wholly distinct from the theological Lucifer. He is never ennobled by the sullen dignity of the fallen angel. No traces of celestial origin are to be discerned on his brow. He is not a rebellious Æon, who once was clothed in radiance. But he is the fiend, the enemy, evil from all time past in his very essence, foul and degraded, cowardly and impure; his rage is oftenest impotent, unless his cunning can assist his power. He excites fright rather than fear. Hence, wild caprice and ludicrous malice are his popular characteristics; they render him familiar, and diminish the awe inspired by his name; and these playful elements enter into all the ghost and goblin combinations of the evil principle. More, the platonist, did not perceive the psychological fitness of these attributes, and he was greatly annoyed in his lucubrations by the uncouth oddity of the pranks ascribed to goblins and elves; they discomposed the gravity of his arguments, and, in order to meet the objections of such reasoners as might venture to suspect that meriment and waggery degraded a spiritual being, he sturdily maintains that 'there are as great fools in the body as there are out of it.' He would not observe that the mythological portrait was consistent in its features. Laughter is foreign to the serenity of beneficence. Angels may weep, but they would forfeit their essence were they to laugh. Mirth, on the contrary, is the consort of concealed spite, and if not invariably wicked or mischievous, yet always blending itself readily with wickedness and mischief. Sport, even when intended to be innocent, degrades its object; though the best and wisest of us cannot always resist the temptation of deriving pleasure from the pains which we inflict upon our fellow-creatures by amusing ourselves with their weakness. From this alliance between laughter and malice arose the burlesque malignants whom the mythologists have placed amongst the deities. Such is the Momus of the Greeks, and his counterpart Loki, the attendant of the banquets of Valhalla. And the same idea is again the substance of the vice of the ancient allegorical drama.

Equally dramatic and poetical is the part allotted to Satan in those ancient romances of religion, the lives of the saints: he is the main motive of the action of the narrative, to which his agency gives fulness and effect. But in the conception of the legendary Satan, the belief in his might melts into the ideality of his character. Amidst clouds of infernal vapour, he develops his form, half in allegory and half with spiritual reality:—and his horns, his tail, his saucer eyes, his claws, his taunts, his wiles, his malice, all bear witness to the simultaneous yet contradictory impressions to which the hagiologist is compelled to yield. This confusion is very apparent in the demons introduced by St. Gregory, in his *Life of St. Benedict*. A poet would maintain that they are employed merely as machi-

nery to carry on the holy epic. A monk must believe in them more strongly than in the gospel.

When the saint was once saying his prayers in the oratory of St. John, on Monte Casino, he saw the Devil in the shape of a horse doctor, but with a horn in one hand and a tether in the other. Satan spoke civilly to St. Benedict, and informed him that he was going to administer a drench to the beasts upon two legs, the fathers of the monastery. By an interpunctuation the text has been made to import that St. Bennet saw the Devil in the more questionable shape of a doctor of physic, riding, as doctors were wont to do before the introduction of carriages, upon a mule. This has been the favourite reading, and accordingly when the old painters treated the miracle, they usually represented the Devil in the regular medical costume, with a urinal, and a budget full of doctor's stuff behind him. It is hardly necessary to observe, that the saint did not allow the Devil to do much mischief in his medical capacity.

Another time a complaint was made to St. Benedict respecting the conduct of a monk belonging to one of the affiliated monasteries, who would not or could not pray with assiduity. After praying a little while, he used to walk away and leave the rest of the fraternity at their devotions. Benedict ordered him to be brought to Monte Casino, and when the monk, as usual, became heartily tired of prayer and prepared to go out of the oratory, the saint saw a little black Devil tugging at the skirts of his gown as hard as he could pull, and leading him to the door. 'See ye not who leadeth our brother?' quoth St. Benedict to Father Maurus and Pompeianus, the prior. 'We see nought,' answered they. After two days' prayer, Maurus, who was in training to be a saint, was able to see the little black Devil at the skirts of the monk's gown, as clearly as St. Benedict himself; but the imp continued invisible to Pompeianus. On the third day St. Benedict followed the monk out of the oratory, and struck him with his staff. He was not sparing, we may suppose, of the baculine exorcism, for after it had been administered, the monk, as we are told by St. Gregory, was never more infested by the little black Devil, and remained always steady at his prayers.

Amongst the innumerable anecdotes and histories of the Devil in the lives of the saints, some are more ludicrous, and, if possible, more trivial, others more picturesque. Saint Anthony saw the Devil with his head towering above the clouds, and stretching out his hands to intercept the souls of the departed in their flight to heaven. According to our modes of thinking, we should be apt to consider such representations merely as apologues. But there was an honest confidence in the actual existence of the machinery of devotional romance. The hagiologist told his tale in right earnest: he was teaching matters of faith and edification: and we may be charitable enough to believe that he was persuaded of the truth of his legends. Yet the dullest piety could not peruse them without an obscure though indelible sensation of the affinity between allegorical imagery, and these supposed approaches of the evil one. Obedient devotion thus struggled against the reasoning faculty, which felt the impersonality of the personification, yet without being able to attain either vivid belief in the fiction, or a clear perception of its non-entity. Just as when we dream between watchfulness and slumber; we are conscious that the sounds which we hear, and the sights which we see, originate wholly from the brain,

but our reason refuses to obey our judgment; and we cannot rouse ourselves and think, and shake off the delusion.

Sometimes the Devil is a thorough monkey, and his malice is merely playful. Year after year did he lie in wait for the purpose of defeating the piety of Saint Guldula. Manifold were the assaults to which her virgin frailty was exposed. But all were vain. At length he summoned up all his power for one grand effort. It was the custom of this noble and pious maiden to rise at cock-crowing, and to go to church to say her prayers, her damsel walking before her with a lantern. What did the author of all malice now do? . . . he put out the candle! The Saint set it a-light again, not by any vulgar method, but by her prayers. And this is her standard miracle. The relation in the legend is a wonderful and almost unparalleled specimen of bombast and bathos, and as such we give a specimen of it below. The devil also appears to be a very thoughtless devil. Once, whilst St. Martin was saying mass, St. Britius, whose name hath retained a place in the protestant calendar, officiated as deacon, and behind the altar he espied the devil busily employed in writing down on a slip of parchment, as long as a proctor's bill, all the sins which the congregation were actually committing. Now St. Martin's congregation were any thing but serious; they buzzed and giggled, and the men looked upwards, and the women did not look down, and were guilty of so many transgressions, that the Devil soon filled one whole side of his parchment with short-hand notes from top to bottom, and was forced to turn it. This side was also soon covered with writing: the Devil was now in sad perplexity; he could not stomach losing a sin, he could not trust his memory, and he had no more parchment about him. He therefore clenched one end of the scroll with his claws, and took the other between his teeth, and pulled it as hard as he could, thinking that it would stretch. The unelastic material gave way and broke: He was not prepared for this; so his head flew back, and bumped against the wall. St. Britius was wonderfully amused by the Devil's disaster, he laughed heartily, and incurred the momentary displeasure of St. Martin, who did not at first see what was going forward. St. Britius explained, and St. Martin took care to improve the accident for the edification of his hearers. The moral is not to our purpose; but we quote the anecdote as an exemplification of the stupidity involved in the popular allegory of Satan. In all his dealings he is sure to be baffled and cheated. When he sues, his bill is dismissed, or he is nonsuited and sent out of court 'without a day,' with his ears drooping and his tail clapped betwixt his legs. After paying a fair market price for the body and soul of the wizard, he is sure to lose his bargain from the equivocal wording of the covenant. And at the moment that he is agreeing for the first living thing which is to pass over the bridge which he has built over the yawning chasm, the freemason joyfully anticipates the disappointment of the infernal workman, when compelled to accept the worthless animal by which the literal meaning of the contract is to be satisfied.

More familiar demons are such as are enumerated in the homely rhymes of John Heywood, who tells us that

'In John Milesius any man may read
Of divels in Sarmatia honoured,
Call'd Kotri or Kobaldi; such as we
Pugs and Hobgoblins call; their dwellings be

In corners of old houses least frequented,
Or beneath stacks of wood; and these convented
Make fearful noise in buttries and in dairies,
Robin Goodfellows some, some call them fairies:
In solitarie rooms these uproars keep,
And beat at doors to wake men from their sleep,
Seeming to force locks be they ne'er so strong,
And keeping Christmase gambols all night long.'

At first we may not be pleased with the infernal relationship assigned to the lithe and sportive subjects of Oberon and Titania; but Heywood is supported in the arrangement of his 'Lucifugi' by the authority of all the orthodox theologians of the last age, whether Catholics or Protestants, who, with many a text and argument from Scripture and the Fathers, laboured earnestly and effectually in proving that the kith and kin of the queen of Elfland are no other than Satan himself in various disguises.—Such is the first who answers to our call, the merry wanderer Puck, who long had a domicile in the house of the grey friars at Schwerin in Mecklenburgh, which he haunted in the form of a pug or monkey. Puck, notwithstanding the tricks which he played upon all strangers who visited the monastery, was sufficiently useful to its inmates; he turned the spit, drew the wine, and cleaned the kitchen, while the lay-brothers were snoring; yet, in spite of all these services, the monk to whom we owe the 'Veredica Relatio de Demonio Puck,' has properly described him as an 'impure spirit.' The Puck of Schwerin received for his wages two brass pots and a party-coloured jacket, to which a bell was appended.

Friar Rush is Puck under another name. Puck is also found under the character of Robin Goodfellow or Robin Hood,—the outlaw acquired his bye-name from his resemblance to the unquiet wandering spirit. The Robin Hood of England is also the Scottish Red Cap, and the Saxon spirit Hudken or Hodeken—so called from the hoodiken, or little hood, or hat which he wore, and which also covers his head when he appears in the shape of the Nisse of Sweden.

Hoodekin was ever ready to aid his friends or acquaintance, whether clerks or laymen. A native of Hildesheim, who distrusted the fidelity of his wife, said to him, when he was about to depart on a journey,—I pray thee have an eye upon my wife whilst I am abroad:—I commend my honour to thy care:—Hoodekin accepted the trust without anticipating the nature of his labours. Paramour succeeded paramour—Hoodekin broke the shins of the first, led the second into the horse-pond, and thrust the third into the muck-heap; and yet the dame had well nigh evaded his vigilance.—'Friend,' exclaimed the weary Devil to the husband, when he returned to Hildesheim, 'take thy wife back: as thou left'st her, even so thou find'st her; but never set me such a task again: sooner would I tend all the swine in the woods of Westphalia, than undertake to keep one woman constant against her will.'

Londiniana,

No. VIII.

CHRIST'S HOSPITAL.

AMONG the public schools of the metropolis there is none more interesting or more important than that of Christ's Hospital, whether considered as to the extent of the cha-

city, and the benefits it confers on so many British youth, or as a national institution that has produced many men of genius and science who have been ornaments to their country. An account, therefore, of the history of this school, will, we doubt not, be acceptable to many of our readers.

On the site part of the ground now covered by Christ's Hospital and Newgate Market stood a small convent of Grey Friars, mendicants of the Franciscan order, founded by John Ewin, citizen and mercer; its value at the reformation was estimated at 32l. 19s. 10d. Henry VIII vested it in the corporation of London, at the same time that Letran offered to them St. Bartholomew's priory, adjoining, and founded the two churches of Christ and Little St. Bartholomew. Christ's Church had been esteemed one of the most superb of the conventual: it was built by contributions of princes and great men, among whom was Gilbert de Clare, Earl of Gloucester, who gave twenty beams out of his forest at Tunbridge, for that purpose. In the following reign they began to repair and furnish it for the reception and maintenance of poor fatherless children, and it received the name of Christ's Hospital from the charter of Edward VI, in 1552, who hereby incorporated the governors of the three hospitals of Christ, Bridewell, and St. Thomas.

The general conflagration in 1666, reached and consumed the principal part of this establishment, but the active zeal and liberality of the corporation and its wealthy citizens restored it, by donations, by loans, and by the anticipation of its revenues, all of which have long since been discharged.

King Charles II, on the 19th of August, 1674, founded a mathematical school within its district, stiled the new royal foundation of King Charles II, to qualify forty boys for the sea, wearing badges appropriate, and whose classes are examined by the elder brethren of the Trinity-house, ten of them are yearly appointed to ship-masters, and ten others received into their places, who have obtained a competency in writing and Latin; and the governors appoint forty more. All the other scholars are bound apprentices at fourteen or fifteen years of age for seven years; or, if properly qualified, are sent to the University of Oxford or Cambridge, where they are maintained for a like term.

In Camden's time, this school maintained 600 orphan boys, and 1240 poor on alms. One thousand poor children have been maintained at one time upon this excellent foundation, of whom from 160 to 180 have been apprenticed every year to trades, and girls to service; but the members have fluctuated from various causes. A few years ago, there were not less than 1,150 boys and 70 girls; 700 of the boys were in the hospital at London, and the rest at Hertford.

The children to be maintained at Christ's Hospital were by the original charter, described to be poor and fatherless. It is long since the limitation of them to orphans has ceased; nor has the benefit of this admirable institution been confined to the poor so strictly as could have been wished; by far the greater number of the children, however, come within that class.

The dress of the children of Christ's Hospital, or as they are commonly called 'blue coat boys,' is the same as that used in the time of Edward VI, a blue cloth coat or tunic reaching to the feet, with yellow breeches and stockings, and a round bonnet or cap too small to cover the

head, and is therefore most generally carried in the hand. —On St. Matthew's day, the 21st of September, yearly, the lord mayor in state, with the president, aldermen, sheriffs, treasurer, and governors, &c. assemble in the great hall, after divine service at Christ's Church, to hear orations from the elder scholars; one of them speaks in Latin, and the other in English; the latter who has spoken in Latin the preceding year is now elected to college, and leaves the school in about a month afterwards; on this occasion a glove is handed about among the audience for their contributions.

Among the peculiarities of Christ's Hospital, a sight is exhibited from Christmas to Easter every year which no other institution, lay, civil, ecclesiastical, or eleemosynary has ever equalled in their grandest ceremonies; or which is more calculated to impress the heart of a spectator with the liveliest sentiments of sympathetic pleasure, than the supper of all the children on Sunday evening, at six o'clock, to which strangers are admitted by tickets.

On this occasion, the great hall, which was rebuilt after the fire of London, contains several tables, which are covered with table-cloths, wooden platters, and buckets of beer, with bread and cheese. The treasurer and governors take their seats at the upper end, at a semi-circular table; the boys, attended by the nurses of their several wards, enter in order, and arrange themselves on each side of the hall; strangers are then admitted, who go along the centre of the hall to the upper end. The masters of the school, the steward, and the matron, take their places there also; and the nurses preside at each table, on which a great number of candles are placed, and these, with many lamps and a large lustre, illuminate the room. The ceremony then commences by the steward striking upon one of the tables three strokes with a mallet, which produces a profound silence; one of the boys intended for the church, having ascended a pulpit on one side of the hall, then reads the second lesson for the afternoon service of the day, and an evening prayer composed for the occasion, at the close of which, the response, 'Amen,' from eight hundred youthful voices, has a very interesting effect; a psalm or hymn is next sung by the whole assembly, accompanied by the organ; the same youth then delivers the grace, after which the boys take their seats, and the supper proceeds. When the repast is concluded, the steward again strikes the table as before, and the boys instantly arrange themselves again on each side of the hall, and a grace is said from the pulpit; an anthem is then sung, after which the boys collect all the fragments into small baskets; and each ward, preceded by its nurse, with lighted candles, marches in order past the suppertable, where they bow to the governor, and file off to an adjoining school-room, and the ceremony is closed.

The great hall, in which the Lord Mayor and his suite assemble on St. Matthew's day, and to which strangers are admitted, is of considerable length, and is adorned with several pictures; King Charles II, in his full robes, painted by Sir Peter Lely, in 1662; and James II, with several of the courtiers of his time, receiving the president, several governors, and the children, all of which are kneeling; one governor, with grey hair, and some of the children's heads, are well painted. Lord Chancellor Jeffries is standing by the King; his portrait is painted by Verrio, who took care to place himself in a long wig, in the company. The picture extends the whole length of the room. There are also the founder, by Holbein, (as is

supposed,) in the court-room; a three-quarter length of Edward VI, by Holbein, richly dressed, with one hand on a dagger, and several other valuable pictures.

Although Christ's Hospital is a charitable institution, and founded for one of the best purposes of benevolence, that of educating and providing for the destitute, yet the Christ's Hospital boy feels that he is no charity-boy; he feels it in the antiquity and regality of the foundation to which he belongs; in the usage which he meets with at school, and the treatment he is accustomed to out of its bounds; in the respect, and even kindness, which his well known garb never fails to procure him in the streets of the metropolis; he feels it in his education, in that measure of classical attainments, which every individual at that school, though not destined to a learned profession, has it in his power to acquire; he feels it in the numberless comforts, and even magnificences, which surround him; in his old and awful cloisters, with their traditions; in his spacious school-rooms, and in the well-ordered, airy, and lofty rooms where he sleeps; in his stately dining-hall, hung round with pictures, by Verrio, Lely, and others, one of them surpassing in size and grandeur almost any other in the kingdom; above all, in the very extent and magnitude of the body to which he belongs, and the consequent spirit, the intelligence, and public conscience, which is the result of so many various yet wonderfully combining members. Compared with this last-named advantage, what is the stock of information, (I do not here speak of book-learning, but of that knowledge which boy receives from boy,) the mass of collected opinions, the intelligence in common, among the few and narrow members of an ordinary boarding-school?

The Christ's Hospital, or Blue-coat boy, has a distinctive character of his own, as far removed from the abject qualities of a common charity-boy, as it is from the disgusting forwardness of a lad brought up at some other of the public schools. There is *pride* in it, accumulated from the circumstances already described as differing from the former; and there is a *restraining modesty*, from a sense of obligation and dependence, which must ever keep his deportment from assimilating to that of the latter. His very garb, as it is antique and venerable, feeds his self-respect; as it is a badge of dependance, it restrains the natural petulance of that age from breaking out into over-acts of insolence.

The Christ's Hospital boy is also a religious character. His school is eminently a religious foundation; it has its peculiar prayers, its services at set times, its graces, hymns, and anthems, following each other in an almost monastic closeness of succession.

Original Poetry.

SONG.

SWEET are the mild blushing roses of morning,
Dew-star'd and fann'd by the soft breathing gale;
But sweeter the deep rosy tincture adorning
The lips of young Mary, the pride of the vale.
Bright are the stars in the blue heavens gleaming,
And bright is the dew on the flowers of the dale;
But brighter the ray from the dark eye that's beaming
Of Mary the lovely, the pride of the vale.

28th Feb. 1820.

TYRO.

EPIGRAM

On our late King visiting his Stables.
Poets by heaven alone are sent,
Or George had been a poet blest;
For to his Mews he daily went
And many a Pegasus carest.

SONG: LOVE AND PRUDENCE.

[FROM AN UNPUBLISHED DRAMA.]

WHERE love the direction assumes,
And sits at the helm of our will,—
It soothes with its breath of perfumes,
And bids ev'ry doubting be still;
But launched upon life's ocean wide,
Security sickens with fear,—
When we look on the boist'rous tide,
And see all its quicksands appear.
Let prudence commingle with love,
Let reason thus temper desire;
A firm-binding anchor 'twill prove,
'Midst dangers appalling and dire:
For should e'en the white surges foam,
Or waves roughly heave—they'll be vain;
With composure we view the storm come,
While prudence our pilot remain.

L.

THE OATH. TO —.

(IN IMITATION OF AN ANCIENT POET.)

LADY! if I swear by thine eye
I soon shall lose all constancy,
For, oh! in spite of me or you,
Its lustre would an oath undo!
If by those cheeks I, lady, swear,
By damask roses blushing there,
A brighter dye might claim its place,
And what I swore by, sweet, efface!
If by those lips that lovers bless—
That each who loves alike may press;
That dimple, fair as morning's ray,
Which on the rippling stream doth play,
I still, pure lady, ne'er should find
An oath that would affection bind.
The features of that lovely face,—
That form, adorn'd with every grace,—
Those playful locks that sweetly lie
Shadowing o'er thy jet-black eye,—
Like willows bending o'er a stream,
On which reposes a pale moon beam,—
Are common to each passer by,
As winds that kiss—and kissing, fly!
Then by that heart thy bosom keeps,—
By love, who smiling, near it sleeps,—
Both fickle things—forsooth they'll do—
I've prov'd thy heart to love is true!

WILFORD.

Fine Arts.

BRITISH GALLERY, PALL MALL.

THIS exhibition contains some by the late Mr. West, Etty, Wilkie, Hoffland, Landseer, the Reinagles, Ripplingille, Shee, Vincent, &c. &c.

'Daniel interpreting to Belshazzar the Hand-writing on the Wall,'—'The stolen Kiss,'—'Elijah raising the Widow's Son,' with others, by the lamented presi-

dent of the Royal Academy, are painted in his usual bold vigorous style: the picture of 'Moses and Aaron before Pharaoh,' is terribly sublime; the action of the latter, and his looks of astonishment, as he beholds the knot of hissing reptiles beneath him, are depicted with the truth and spirit predominant in the productions of this artist. The frenzied and terror-stricken expression of the magician, against whose feet the serpents are horribly rolling,—his convulsive start and gasping agony,—and the commanding attitude of the prophet, are delineated with the impressive grandeur of the Italian school. 'Elijah raising the Widow's Son,' is another fine specimen of the powers of Mr. West. Elijah is represented bent in supplication to the Lord of Hosts, his hands raised and head upturned; the fire of devotion is kindled in his eyes, and spread over his countenance; his prayer has prevailed, and the Widow's Son is seen rising from the couch of death, as if awoke to the remembrance of some dream of pain, or rather bursting from the cold sepulchral stupor of a trance, and uttering a feeble cry of returning animation.

West, whose works revived the expiring embers of historical art, and placed the palms of painting on the brows of Great Britain,—whose imagination conceived a series of designs, and whose pencil endued them with existence upon canvas,—departed this life on the morning of Saturday, (March 11, 1820.) In his pictures, more of the real dignity of Italian art was restored, than is to be found in the performances of any other master, since the declension of painting in Italy. The majesty of his forms and features,—the stern Roman physiognomy of his men,—and the matron-like dignity of his women, fully testify this. His drawing, (with the exception of one or two of his compositions,) is unmarked by the grace of Guido or Parmigiano, but it is at once bold and determined, conveying to the spectator a genuine idea of the Roman character in its first point of elevation. The exquisite taste of the above masters bordered more on the ideal beauty than otherwise, and their figures appeared more like spirits hovering between earth and heaven, than mortals. West's style of drawing approached nearer human nature. Here we are not to be understood as meaning, of ordinary nature: But we shall not now digress from our subject, although it should be to praise a man who has shed a glory upon his profession, and left to posterity, works which will record his name in the pages of history, and transmit it with honour to succeeding generations.

Wilkie exhibits three: 'No. 17, A Veteran Highlander, who served at the Battle of Minden,'—'No. 109, Bacchanalians gathering Grapes,'—and '213, A Highland Whiskey Still, at Lochgilp Head, Argyleshire.' The first of these is painted with great truth of nature; and, of the second, we would wish to repeat, with a celebrated novelist, 'silence is the gift of the gods!' but, in our critical capacity, we are obliged, unwillingly, to notice the defects as well as the merits of a work which falls under our inspection. In fact, Mr. Wilkie has completely failed in this subject; but, in undertaking it, he struck into a path perfectly out of his road. As an abortive attempt in a higher class of fiction, it takes nothing from the reputation he has gained in his own style. Were an excellent comedian to appear in tragedy without success, he would not be considered a bad actor because he could not perform the two parts. In the 'Highland Whiskey Still, 'The Highland Wedding,' and 'The

Breakfast,' Mr. Wilkie is at home; and in such local and domestic scenes the whole of his powers are displayed to advantage. In the present picture, the figure employed in pouring the liquor into a vessel, is admirable; but there exists too great a similarity between the attitudes of the man holding the glass to the light, and that of the one standing near the copper. They are both turned the same way. The bottles, jugs, jars, and various other utensils, are delineated with a fidelity almost magical, and remind one of the highly-finished delusions of Gerard, Dow, and Teniers.—'Morning, Fishermen returned,' by J. Burnett, is a most charming little picture, though we think that a slight degree more toning, in some parts, would be no detriment. The piece does not express to us, one of those dull hazy mornings, that makes the eye and head heavy with vapour; on the contrary, the delightful freshness of the sea sparkles on every object, and gives an enchanting vivacity to the whole. It is painted with great clearness of colouring and effect, and forms a capital specimen of Mr. Burnett's talents.—'The Razor Grinder,' by E. V. Ripplingille: this picture we do not consider to equal the Post Office, by the same artist, exhibited last year at the Royal Academy. In point of composition it may be good, but the colouring is fatiguingly monotonous; and the little urchin in the blue frock becomes a spot, through the want of other bright tints to support it. The head of the old man at the wheel is well marked; and were some other colours introduced, to break the opacity of the reddish browns, it would tend much to the improvement of the whole.—'The Gardens of the Thuilleries,' by J. J. Chalon, is a spirited little composition, and the French manner, character, and fashion, are caught most admirably. The antiquated beau, who is bowing to the lady, with all the gallantry of twenty-two, and the smirking expression of mingled complaisance and self-approbation spread over his features, is exceedingly ludicrous.—'Alpine Mastiffs re-animating a distressed Traveller,' by Edwin Landseer. This production we have no hesitation in pronouncing to be one of the finest in the Gallery. The stranger's head, with his right hand and arm thrown back, is seen fronting the spectator; his figure, enveloped in the snow, recedes from view; one of the dogs is seated by his side, stooping over him, and licking his left hand, while his companion, standing across the body, and bearing on his back a large scarlet cloak, is barking loudly to the monks, who, dressed in the dark habits of their fraternity, are seen winding and toiling through huge rocks of ice and masses of drifting snow. The colour of the traveller's face is wan, deathly, and livid; his eyes are closed and his black tangled hair hangs frozen from his forehead. The expression of the dog beside him denotes real commiseration; one hand hangs listlessly by him; his head is bent down, and he seems to be moaning in distress, as he exerts himself to recover the vital warmth in the object of his solicitude. The rich colouring of these dogs, and the cloth thrown over one of them, relieves highly from the dead white of the surrounding scene. The adjacent country presents nothing but tremendous heights and crags of ice, dark, bleak, and desolate, chilling the eye with the length of their profound dreariness. In these regions, it appears as if echo itself shrank from the reverberations of the sounds rolling over the distant hills; and the genius of the place, disturbed in the gloomy solemnity of his reign, rallied the strong spirits of the blast and storm to repel the intrusion.

The composition, drawing, and colouring of this picture, are every thing we could wish, and undoubtedly prove Mr. Landseer to be one of the first animal painters of the day.—‘*Macbeth*,’ by J. Martin. This stupendous scene represents the return of Macbeth and Banquo, after the defeat of Macdonwald, and the meeting with the weird sisters; the time chosen is the moment of their vanishing. The first point which arrests the eye is composed of the Highland chieftains: they are standing on a ridgy bank, luxuriantly covered with purple heath and herbage. The former is portrayed starting back, his arms wildly raised and extended, and his countenance, indicating horror and astonishment, is rivetted upon the awful visitants. At his right side is Banquo, turning towards him with the inquiry, ‘Whither are they vanished?’ but this is inappropriate, as the sisters have not disappeared. In these two figures there are a spirited attitude, a seductive glow of brilliant colouring, and forcible penciling. The rich inter-mixed tints of their philibegs and tartans, are united with those of the men behind, and the varied hues of the tufted herbage in front, also serve as powerful contrasts to the drear obscurity of the side occupied by the witches. These ministers of evil are rising into the air, clothed in dark dingy robes, which float and mingle with the shadowy mass beside them, leaving their figures almost indefinable. Their faces resemble nothing earthly, thin, gaunt, and withered; their right arms and hands are raised, with the fore-fingers placed upon their lips, and the left are violently distended, pointing to the chiefs as they take their departure. Their orbs of vision are fixed ominously upon them, with a preternatural expression of something horrible, which defies description. The figure and head of the first sister are seen in a front view; the head and part of the body of the second rises above her, in the same position, and the third towers above them both. Beneath the feet of the first springs a whirling flame, that shoots by her, forming a semi-circle, which seems to shield them from any attempted approach of Macbeth. From the troubled clouds, to the right, darts a flash of lightning, which discovers a deep recess in a rock, beyond the weirds.—The Scotch army, with flying banners,

‘Borne on the evening gale,’

and all the pomp and parade of conquest, winds circuitously from the borders of a lake, and is drawn up near the centre of the picture. Behind all, are ‘rocks piled upon rocks,’ in wild romantic grandeur; and the whole scene is enriched by the golden radiance of a setting sun, which gilds the mountains and sheds a parting splendour upon the spears and streamers of the soldiers. This is one of the very best pictures in the Gallery, and a rich addition to Mr. Martin’s fame.

C. E.

The Drama.

THE last has been a very barren week for the drama. At Drury Lane, Mr. Kean has repeated some of his favourite characters with his usual success. *The Hebrew* was played on Tuesday night, we suspect for the last time. It is very desirable that the lingering existence it has dragged on since it was produced, should be terminated. At Covent Garden, *Ivanhoe* and *The Antiquary* have been alternately performed, to tolerably good houses.

KING’S THEATRE.—Madame Mara, a lady who has enjoyed a high reputation for her professional talents for half a century, gave her long-promised concert at this theatre, on Thursday last. Public expectation, perhaps, was seldom more disappointed; but was it to be expected that a lady, who has passed her seventieth year, should possess that vigour of talent, or that her voice should retain the vocal strength, for which she was in earlier life so much distinguished? Her voice has lost much of its power, and it was extremely injudicious to select so large a theatre for her, as it requires more energy to fill it than she can supply. But, notwithstanding these disadvantages, her exertions were creditable to her; she performed a scene of *Guglielmi’s*, in the first part of which she went through the *rondo* with effect; but her most successful effort was in *What though I trace each Herb and Flower*, as it did not require so much exertion. Towards the conclusion of the concert, she attempted a *cavatena*, of Paer’s, in which she completely failed. If Madame Mara has a sufficient independence to render such exhibitions unnecessary, we cannot but censure her avarice; but if, on the contrary, the long period she has exerted her professional talents have still been unproductive, we pity her, but fear her fortune is not to be recruited by concerts at the King’s Theatre, which are made to depend on her talents.

DRURY LANE.—An excellent selection of music, from the works of Handel, Mozart, Beethoven, Winter, &c. closed the Oratorio season on Wednesday night,—a season which, for the ability, judgment, and exceeding liberality that have distinguished it, reflects the highest credit on its liberal conductor, Sir George Smart. Mrs. Salmon, Miss Tree, Madame Bellocchi, Miss Goodall, Mr. Braham, Mr. Tinney, and Mr. Pyne, sang many beautiful airs, in their best style. We also heard Mr. Nicholson on the flute, and a harp obligato by Mr. Horn; but the principal novelty of the evening, and a great treat certainly, was the *pot pourri* on the violin, by Mr. Sporr, his first appearance at these oratorios, and we believe his only performance before an English audience. He is considered, in the musical world, the best performer that has been heard in this country for the last fifty years. He introduced the popular duet, from Don Giovanni, *La ci darem*; and the concerto was received with the most rapturous applause, by one of the most crowded audiences that ever graced a theatre.—While so much patronage is given to foreigners, to the neglect of native talent, we feel happy in recording, that the whole of Sir George Smart’s orchestra are natives of the British isles.

Literary and Scientific Intelligence.

Quadrature of the Circle.—The following advertisement has appeared in the Stockholm Gazette:—‘I have the honour to announce, that on this day, Monday, February 14, I have discovered the quadrature of the circle: the solution of the problem is geometrical, and very simple. *Albert Stoltz.*’

Electrical Conductors.—M. Lapostolle, professor of chemistry and natural philosophy, at Amiens, has recently proved by experiment, that *straw* is by far the best conductor of the electric fluid. He proposes, accordingly, to erect all over France, poles of lime or other white wood, twenty feet long, round which bands of straw shall be entwined; each pole to have a metallic point at the top. These, he thinks, would supply the place of ordinary conductors; one only would

office for a square of sixty acres, and at an expense exceedingly small.

Letters from Egypt mention that Mahommed Ali Pacha purposes sending young Arabs to Paris, for the purpose of acquiring the European languages.

The Fitzwilliam Museum, at Cambridge, has lately received a beautiful set of casts, from a collection of antique medals, brought from Greece by the Rev. Wm. Jones, of St. John's College.

Mr. Fox, of Falmouth, has found, that a very extraordinary degree of heat is developed by fusing together platinum and tin in the following manner. If a small piece of tin-foil is wrapped in a piece of platinum-foil of the same size, and exposed upon charcoal to the action of the blow-pipe, the union of the two metals is indicated by a rapid whirling, and by an extreme brilliancy in the light which is emitted. If the globe thus melted is allowed to drop into a basin of water, it remains for some time red-hot at the bottom; and, such is the intensity of the heat, that it melts and carries off the glaze of the basin from the part on which it happens to fall.

The Bee.

*Floriferis ut apes in saltibus omnia limant,
Omnia nos itidem depascimur aurea dicta!*

LUCRETIVS.

Magnanimity.—It was a saying of Lord Humsdon, 'To have the courage to observe an affront is to be even with an adversary. To have the patience to forgive it, is to be above him.'

Editorial Sagacity.—A morning paper of Nov. 12, 1819, after mentioning the act of amnesty by which Ferdinand of Spain distinguished his marriage with the Princess of Saxony, thought it necessary to subjoin the following shrewd *nota bene*:—'This decree embraces only such persons as may have committed crimes *before* the publication of it, and *not* subsequent to it!!!'

Shakespeare.—'But you allow,' said a traveller to Hamilton, 'that your Shakespeare, although he rises sometimes mountains high, at others sinks very deep.' Very possible,' replied Hamilton, 'but you will also allow, Sir, that the place where a giant falls is still a mountain for pigmies.'

An industrious Mayor.—A country mayor, that he might do something while in office, proposed to his brethren of the corporation to have a new gallows built; to which one of the alderman objected, as they had an old one which might serve very well; 'Yes,' says the mayor, 'but the old one shall be to hang strangers, and the new one for us and our heirs for ever.'

The Empress Maria Theresa enquiring for the celebrated General Loudon, at one of her levees, was told, that he was not to be found. 'Ah,' says the Empress, 'in peace you must seek him behind the door; in the day of battle you are certain to find him in the front.'

A Practical Bull.—A gentleman living at Vauxhall Walk, had the bell wire of his door cut by some persons returning from the gardens. To prevent the recurrence of a similar outrage, he ordered the bell hanger to place it out of reach.

*** * * Our Correspondents, Readers, and Advertizers, are respectfully informed, that The Literary Chronicle will be published next week, and in future, at No. 355, Strand, two doors east of Exeter Change.**

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